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Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

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Office over the Drug Store,
(ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

TERMS:

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuation. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.

KINDNESS.

A life word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart all broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear—the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

DON'T SHOOT.

As Professor J. W. Hatch was last summer lecturing upon astronomy, to a class in Carroll county, he brought out his large telescope one evening when the moon was at its full, and just rising, for the class to view the luminary through his splendid instrument. The telescope is about the size of a six pointer; and just as they got it levelled and ready for use, a long Yankee, and wife, and a wife's mother, in company came round the corner. In an old-fashioned "boat-bottom" wagon. Seeing the cannon as they supposed it to be, just ready to be fired, he stopped the horse, jumped out, and taking the old steed by the bits, held on to him with all his caution. Out leaped the wife and old woman, and stood waiting the explosion with trembling anxiety, the ladies having their fingers in their ears. The Professor, who loves a joke, told the boys to keep perfectly quiet, and await the result, while he kept levelling the instrument as if about to discharge it. After waiting some ten or fifteen minutes, Jonathan became impatient, and sung out—

"Hallo, there, Mister, if you're going to fire your pesky gun I wish you would be after doing it, we're tired of standing here, and the mare won't stand fire—we want to be gone!"

ANECDOTE.

One evening an officer presented himself to Gen. Jackson, and complained that certain of the soldiers had got together in a tent, and were making a great noise.

"What are they doing?" asked the General, with some feeling.

"They are praying now, but they have been singing."

"And is that a crime?"

"The articles of war order punishment for any unusual noise."

"God forbid," said the old General, "that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp!"

We learn from a gentleman from Putnam county, Ill., that nearly all the potatoes in that and the adjoining counties, have been destroyed by the potato rot. This disease was so rapid that large fields were entirely ruined in a few days.

Our informant says there will not be potatoes enough in Putnam county for their own consumption.—St. Louis Union.

A man recently petitioned the Maine Legislature for a change of name; he did not care what the name was—only that it should be one that would go at the Banks!

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to mama, "I know a boy that can get the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em—so I will."

JEREMIAH CROUK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued.)

Thus the time passed on, and Amanda's wedding-day approached. But Margaret repulsed all suitors—actually refusing to see young men who had at any time made even the smallest advances.

Mr. Crouk had a clerk in his establishment named Judkin, whom he had raised from a boy, and in whom he reposed the utmost confidence. Judkin possessed good abilities, a fine person, easy manners, and that air of confidence about him which we sometimes see in young men who feel their own force of character, and mean to make use of the ability possess to force their way in the world against all opposition.

One day, Judkin, with a sober face, came up to where Mr. Crouk was sitting at his desk, and asked the privilege of a few words with him.

"Certainly, Harry. Sit down. I hope you have not been getting yourself into any trouble?" said Mr. Crouk.

"No, sir, not yet; but I don't know how soon I may be in trouble." And the young man's face became still more serious.

"What's the matter, Henry, what's the matter?"

"I am about—or, rather, was about taking a very important step," said Judkin, in reply, "but thought it would be better, perhaps, to consult you before doing so."

"That's right, that's right, Henry—What is it?"

Judkin blushed, and looked interesting and confused.

"Ah, ha! I see how it is," said the old gentleman. "An affair at the heart—you are thinking about getting married!"

The young man blushed still deeper, and did not deny the allegation.

"Very well; now I understand. I hope she's worthy of you, Henry, that's all I have to say."

"She's worthy the hand of a prince," said the young man, with enthusiasm.

"So far, then, all is right. And now, what do you want me to do for you?" inquired Mr. Crouk.

"I want mainly your advice, sir," returned the young man. "The parents of the young lady will not consent to our union."

"Why?"

"Because I am nothing but a poor young clerk."

"Indeed! And pray who are her parents?"

"People once no better off than I am, who have got a little up in the world."

"And therefore think you not good enough for their daughter?"

"Yes, sir, that's the feeling."

"What's her father's name? Do I know him?"

"You have some little acquaintance with him. But I think it best not to mention to you his name, because, if you advise me in the matter, it will be best for you to be able to say, if any appeal is made to you, that you had not the most remote suspicion that I was paying attention to the young lady."

"That is a good suggestion. Very well, you needn't tell me her father's name. And so you want my advice, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the first place, then, I will mention that the young lady is deeply attached to me, and says, come what will, she will marry no one else. Already she has refused two or three offers from persons whose circumstances are far better than mine."

"She's a true hearted girl, I should say."

"Indeed she is, sir; and my happiness depends upon her becoming my wife."

"And her parents will not consent?"

"It is hopeless to endeavor to remove their objections. They set an imaginary value upon their consequence, because they have a little more of this world's goods than I possess—not more, however, than I will have one of these days, if spared—and would think themselves disgraced by an alliance with me."

"What can you do?"

"Run away with the daughter," said the young man, boldly.

"Not always a safe proceeding," remarked Mr. Crouk, "and the last to be adopted."

"There is no other chance in my case."

"Is the daughter willing to go off with you?"

"Perfectly. This being so, ought I not to take the only step left me for obtaining her hand?"

"I hardly like to advise you to this course, Henry."

"If I do it, will you consider it a cause for being offended with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Her father, I know, will be dreadfully offended," said Judkin, "and may seek

to punish us both by trying to excite your anger against me, in order that I may lose my place and means of supporting my wife."

"Don't give yourself any trouble about that, Henry. But does the young lady understand that you have only the income of a clerk?"

"Perfectly. I have concealed nothing from her. Still, I cannot but feel a little anxious on the point I have just mentioned. Her father, I am satisfied, will immediately seek to prejudice you against me, and I am aware that he has influence with you."

"He has! Well, let him try; I am forewarned, and therefore, forearmed. As to marrying the young lady, that, Harry, is your own matter. I will not advise you to do it, nor will I advise you against it. I am perfectly well satisfied that you know what you are about. But to make you easy on the subject of any prejudice likely to be created on my mind, I will give you my check for a year's salary in advance, with all confidence that you will render as faithful service as ever."

Mr. Crouk turned to his desk and filled up a check.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the young man, "is a check for fifteen hundred dollars. A married man's expenses are greater than a single man's. Your salary, instead of being a thousand dollars, will be fifteen hundred from to-day."

Judkin warmly expressed his thanks, and Mr. Crouk as warmly wished him a favorable issue to his contemplated runaway adventure.

That evening, Margaret not appearing at the tea-table, her father inquired if she were not well. Amanda said that she had gone out.

"To spend the evening anywhere?" inquired Mr. Crouk.

"No, I think not. If she had intended doing so, she would have mentioned it to me," replied Amanda.

"She's out late; it's been dark for an hour," remarked the father.

The mother also expressed concern on account of her daughter's absence.

The tea hour went by, and yet Margaret did not return. Mr. Crouk began to feel uneasy. The singular interview he had held with the clerk suggested the fear that someone, hopeless of gaining his consent, might have run off with Margaret, as Judkin was about to run off with the daughter of some one unknown to him.

This fear caused him to think of Margaret's inexpressible conduct in some things, and thoughts of this gave a new life to his fears.

As soon as he was alone with his wife, he suggested to her what was in his mind, but she treated it lightly. Still Mr. Crouk felt troubled, and he walked about uneasily, listening for the ringing of the street-door bell; but no bell rang, and no daughter returned. Ten o'clock came, and she was yet absent. Hark! there is a ring. The waiter goes to the door.

The parents listen—the father with almost a breathless interest. The door is opened—they hear the sound of a man's voice—it is immediately closed again. The waiter returns along the wall alone, opens the parlor door, and hands in two letters, one for Mr. Crouk and one for his wife. We will only give the contents of the former. It was as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Although you did not advise me in so many words to run away with the young lady of whom I spoke to you to-day, yet the measure met your approval, and in doing what I have since done, I have acted with a consciousness that I had your entire sanction, without which I should have hardly felt at liberty to take so important a step. The sweet girl I have loved so long is mine. I am the happiest of men. I may now tell you the lady's name—it is Margaret Crouk. In a week I will be at my post again. In the meantime, let me beg of you not to let the father of the young lady prejudice your mind against one who loves her so truly, and who is ready to make every sacrifice in his power to secure her happiness. We do not expect soon, if ever, to be forgiven by him; but even that great cost we have calculated. Margaret has long accustomed herself to do without the costly luxuries of ornament and dress, in view of this change in her circumstances. She knows my ability, and becomes my wife, prepared to let all her wants and wishes conform thereto. She has written to her mother her own thoughts and feelings on the occasion. She will forgive her, I am sure, and I can but hope that through her loving influence, the father's heart may be softened towards his child. Dutifully, I subscribe myself,

HENRY JUDKIN."

Never was a man more completely knocked down than Mr. Jeremiah Crouk by the receipt of this cool but not insulting letter. That he stormed, and even swore for a time, no one will be surprised to hear; but there was no help for him. Margaret was the wife of his clerk

—yes, of his clerk—of the clerk of Jeremiah Crouk, Esq., one of the upper ten thousand. Was there no storehouse for this disgrace—no means of wiping it out? There seemed none! Henry Judkin, the unknown; Henry Judkin, his clerk, was now his son-in-law. Poor man! he paced the floor half the night, and then went to bed and went to sleep. What else could he do?

On the third day after the elopement, Judkin and his young bride were sitting in their private parlor at one of the hotels in Philadelphia. The husband was looking over a New York paper which he had just obtained.

"Hurrah!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping up and fairly dancing about the room. "Only just listen to this," and he read:

"CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—I have this day associated with me as a partner, Mr. Henry Judkin. Hereafter the business will be conducted under the name of Crouk and Judkin. JEREMIAH CROUK."

The young man then threw the paper on the floor, and in the delight and surprise of the moment, caught his young bride, who was already weeping tears of joy, in his arms, and hugged and kissed her in a most unromantic way.

At the end of the week, they returned to New York. On the wharf they found the father's carriage waiting for them, and were driven by the strong, fleet horses, in a very short space of time, to the elegant mansion in Fifth Avenue, where Judkin's senior partner was waiting waiting to receive him. From a poor clerk he suddenly found himself one of the "upper ten thousand." He bears his honors bravely.

All must admire the ingenious manner in which Mr. Crouk staved off the disgrace that was about to visit his family. The happy suggestion came while he paced the floor of his parlor even until past the hour of midnight, and he acted upon it with the least possible delay. The announcement of the marriage and co-partnership were almost simultaneous, and there were few who were aware of the fact that Judkin was only his clerk, and had married his daughter without his consent. Strange things happen sometimes among the "upper ten thousand."

NARROW ESCAPE AND FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

During a storm a few days since, in Carroll, Stenben county, lightning struck the door of the dwelling house of Mr. B. Chase, destroying one side of it entirely, and passed so near Mrs. Chase that it stunned her for a moment, and then passed out of another door which was open, without further injury. But in an adjoining town, a man who was admonished for his blasphemous revelry during a storm about the same time, defied, with horrid oaths and blasphemous imprecations, the lightning of Heaven; and so horrid were his oaths and so daring his wickedness, that the inmates of the house fled for refuge elsewhere; and hardly had they passed the threshold of the dwelling before the booming thunder bespoke the majesty of Him who holds the winds and guides the storm, and quick as thought the lightning's flash was seen, and its power fell upon the proud defier of God's arm, and as suddenly he was prostrated to the floor—a mutilated, lifeless body. The flash had done its work, and he was summoned to the bar of that Being whose lightning he had so impudently defied.—Genesee Evangelist.

A Camp Story.—A returned officer of the army relates an anecdote illustrative of the ignorance of the Mexicans, which we have not before seen in print:

Gen. M., of Kentucky, one day, contrary to the custom of our officers, attired himself in full costume and mounted a splendidly caparisoned horse to take a ride through the principal streets of the city of the Aztecs. The moment the Mexicans saw him, they were struck with the belief that he was Gen. Washington, and some thousands of both sexes assembled in the plaza, rent the air with their voices in honor of the father of his country.—Gen. Washington is very popular in Mexico.

New York Boys.—A gentleman some weeks since advertised in the New York Tribune for a boy to work in his office. For about two days he was overrun with applicants. Irish, Dutch and Americans came in crowds to get the situation. On Saturday last, after having his patience exhausted with those in his employ, he advertised for "a boy who was in the habit of minding his mother," believing that if he could get such a one, he would obey his employer. The number of applicants was three. This is a virtually "rowing up" on the part of the boys, and gives a pretty fair illustration of the "brought up" of New York "boys."

A CHAPTER OF DEFINITIONS.

LOVE.—The electric spark communicating between two human galvanic batteries.

FAITH.—The rock upon which knowledge is built.

POETRY.—The language in which the file of falsehood waste itself without making an impression.

TRUTH.—A moral diamond, upon which the file of falsehood waste itself without making an impression.

WEALTH.—The sum that gives content, whether one dollar or a million.

HAPPINESS.—A butterfly, which, when pursued, seems always just beyond your grasp, but if you sit down quietly may alight upon you.

BOOKS.—Evaporations from the minds of great men, condensed so as to be perceptible to the senses of the multitude.

LIFE.—A masked ball, where, in struggling through the crowd, and trying to penetrate the disguise of our neighbor, we are apt to forget our own parts, until the waning lights warn us of the time to depart.

EXPERIENCE.—A looking-glass, which we will not believe reflects our own destiny, until we have bought it.

HONOR.—A suit of armor, which cannot be too guarded, for a breath may leave a stain beyond the power of man to remove.

BEAUTY.—A sun which dwells in the souls of all, but shining through different mediums, does not always throw the same light upon the same objects.

THOUGHT.—The telescope searchings of a mind not content with viewing the phases of life only in outline and from a distance.

CALUMNY.—A serpent, which, while striking its fangs into another, is silently coiling its folds around the propagator, ready to turn upon him.

STOOP A LITTLE.

The following story, related by Dr. Franklin in a letter to Dr. Mather, has been often told; and is worthy telling again:—

"The last time I saw your father," says Dr. Franklin, "was in 1724. In taking my leave he showed me a short way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning toward him, he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you, stoop a little as you go through it, and you will avoid many hard thumps! This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon a people by carrying their heads too high.'"

Religious Plea for Politics.—In a letter written in 1838, M. Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

"When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our consciences at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing—we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us: I placed before you, in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in the one was good, in the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other. You did neither. Let the wind drift it away—it has not been of any use to you or your brethren."

"Are a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain red-eyed gentleman who in a state of stupefaction, was holding his aching head with both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself." This backhanded rebuke from a long-suffering but affectionate wife, effectually cured him of his brutish propensity.

A Sweet Tempered Girl.—"You should never let young men kiss you," said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece.

"I know it, uncle," returned she, prettily, "but I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that when one has been kissed, there is no undoing it."

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union.
FOREIGN NEWS.ARRIVAL OF THE
EUROPA.

New York, Sept. 14.

The steamer *Europa*, arrived to-day from Liverpool, bringing seven days later advices from Europe.

The favorable representations of the crops in this country, carried out by the United States, induced American descriptions of breadstuffs to be offered freely, affording large choice.

Provisions moved slowly, with a disposition on the part of holders to take lower prices.

Liverpool Corn Exchange, Sept. 1.

The duty has declined this week one shilling per quarter on wheat, and sixpence on barley, oats, beans, peas and rice.

Wheat has declined 3s4d per bushel—free and bonded.

Sack flour is two shillings and barrel flour one shilling lower than last report.

There has been no change in oats or barley.

Oatmeal has declined one shilling per quarter.

There is a better demand for Indian corn for shipment than there was on Tuesday.

The demand for Cotton is steady—the trade not holding large supplies—sales for the week, 40,000 bales. Fair Upland and Mobile are the same as last week, Orleans prime, was reduced one-eighth—but advanced an eighth on lower and middling grades.

Ireland is quiet. Lord John Russell made a tour of personal inspection through the country.

Numerous arrests have been made in Manchester and the adjoining towns, of leading chartists—five have been sentenced to 15 months hard labor.

At Kirkcaldie, there has been a serious riot, in which the police officers were assaulted.

Dr. McDowell, a Chartist leader, has been convicted of using treasonable language, and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

O'Gorman has positively escaped and is now in Paris. McGee, the sub-editor of the *Adoption*, has also escaped and gone to America. The special commission to try O'Brien is not expected to meet soon, on account of the great mass of documentary evidence to be taken.

The French Assembly are debating—[Here the Telegraph wires broke.]

Boston, Sept. 13.

The cloop of war Marion, Simmons, commander, arrived to-day from the Mediterranean, after an absence from the United States of three years.

We have received further accounts of the hurricane in the West Indies. It lasted five hours.

There were three distinct shocks of earthquake.

The houses and plantations throughout the Island have been mostly destroyed.

The loss of life is heavy—falling houses dealing destruction in every direction.

A large number of vessels were foundered, and the entire crews lost.

The Legislature was convened to afford relief.

We have returns from sixty-eight towns in Maine. The vote for Governor, stands as follows:

For the Whig candidate, 11,673; for the democratic, 12,743; and for the Free Soil, 4,257 votes.

The Whig convention met at Worcester, Mass., and re-nominated the Hon. John N. Briggs for Governor, and Mr. Reed for Lieut. Gov.

Irish "Sedition" in America.—It is reported in New York city, that the British Consul has applied to the U. States Attorney for New York to have Robert Emmett, the President of the American League for the Redemption of Ireland, indicted. It would plainly appear from this that the government of Great Britain considers his acting as President of the League an offence against international law. To procure a conviction in this country is impossible.

Mr. Alexander Forbes recently sailed from Monterey, with a cargo of quicksilver, \$20,000 in value; the products of the mine of New Almaden, near the valley of San Jose, California, and extracted within the short space of three months.

An effected singer at Dublin theatre was told by a wag in the gallery, "to come out from behind his nose and sing like other people."

"Where does that good go to?" said a traveller to a little urchin whom he met.

"Taint been no where, since we lived here."